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GUESSIN' ABOUT SADIE

By SEWELL FORD

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Why, didn't you hear about her bein' yours," says I. on the other side? Sure! Six or eight nths, and she's been movin' in the ing row, too. Me? Ah, say! anyone rould think I'd been burnin' my ledgers the way y u're workin' the Ivins pump ct on me! I've been runnin' the stuand I ain't been usin' any ocher

oup fund, either. But I'm wise to what you're drivin' at, and I expect you might's well have he whole of that Sir Bertie business. Fact is, I wa'n't lookin' for anything girl like Sadle on that foreign bullen, to know if her word is doubted, and and let it get noised around that she girl like Sadie on that foreign bunch, ress with, there's bound to be some ex- for me? itement among the noble poor.

She hadn't been there a month before begins to get all kinds of reports. First it was Lord 'Alf'n'alf, then it's Snideovitch, with a few counts and Come on, Pinckney!" princes on the side; until I wouldn't ave been much surprised to hear she was comin' home wearin' a doubledecked crown and bringin' a throne don't tackle the job.

she don't want 'em, they'll hear the panetelas and cork tips. about it.

Along at the last of it, though, I'd to look as if she'd settled down over there for good; when one day Pinckney shows me her name on the passenger list, and says:

"I suppose you will be down bright and early to see the steamer come in; 'Huh!" says I. "Me waitin' at the

dock! For why? "But you're anxious to see Sadie again, aren't you?" says he. What gave you that idea?" says I.

"Oh, ho!" says he, and them snappy dug up something new.

int'rested. Anyway, I takes pains to be apt to be trippin' down the gang-

Chee!" says Swifty Joe, after I'd phoned for the fourth special on that old Sadie, just the same. boat, or is it a bluff?"

of them guesses is right, Swifty," says I. But I takes it all out in usin' the wire, stickin' close to the shop all day, and lettin' on to myself that I didn't we strikes the London-bridge-is-fallin's care where she was or how she looks. down pose. papers, tellin' about this Sir Bertie Entvistle, who'd come over in the same

Seems he was a good deal of a whale, anything special for himself; but he's had the right kind of grandfathers, and has always been mixed up with the swell push, it bein' Walesy and Eddie with him, whenever the doors was shut and the wrapper yanked off a fresh deck. And all that goes to make him the one best bet, so far as the dinner party push goes. The paper says he was met at Quarantine with a bushel asket of invites, and they figure out that if he takes 'em all on, one after the other, he could get free board on

Fifth avenue for a year. They'd tried to stand Sir Bertie up New York as it looked from the saon deck, opposite Fort Wadsworth; ut Bertie has ducked, so they fills out he column describin' the two stunnin' American beauts that was helpin' him old up the rail. And say, the minute reads about the one with the copper d hair and the Irish blue eyes, I don't deed to see any halftone to know it was I was left-stranded."

The other may be a peach, too, thinks I; "but I'll bet she don't stand one-two-six if Sadie Su'livan's got her

Which don't mean that I'm feelin' gay bout it. I'd been hopin' she'd left all that truck on the far side of the water. This bringin' one over with her, though, kind of put frost on the dahlias, and I guess I wa'n't none too cheerful. It was when I was right in the middle of my grouch that I'm rung up by Mrs. Peggy. Purdy Pell. Now I want to mark it up at she means well most of the time, Mrs. Purdy Pell does; and the way she puts it to me about my bein' down on the list for a little welcome home dinner she was givin' that night was on

"Of course," says she, "you are one of Sadie's old friends, and I wouldn't hink of leaving you out; but-

"Sure!" says I. "I'm much obliged,

"Don't let the soup get cold waitin' for me, though," says I.

And with that I rubs the whole proeedin' off the slate. Sadie and me had een good friends for quite some time, said he. and we'd thought more or less well of each other, even after she got to travlin' high; but I didn't have to figure ong to see that if she'd entered her- try to swim." self for the Sir Bertie sweepstakes

fault with her program, anyway. elebration of my own. I goes the children at home. imit, too, includin' evenin' clothes, allin' a cab, and orderin' dinner at the Well, you're a nice one, Shorty!" and carried them home.

Oh! What about Sadie Sullivan? | "Maybe my reason's as good as "Nonsense!" says he. "Tell me this,

though: you were asked, weren't you?" "Hoow foolish!" says I. "Sure!" "And you knew it was for Sadie?" he goes on.

"She mentioned that, too," says I. "I guess I ain't bein' much missed, though

"Well," says he, "you have guessed wrong, and by acting the chump you've stirred up all kinds of a row. thinks you were left out, and insists that if you had been invited you would When you spring a real candy be there; and Mrs. Purity Pell wants "Hold on," says I. "Let's get this as a wad big enough to stuff a mat-straight. Has Sadie sent out a call

"I'm the messenger," says Pinckney. "Then you win," says I. "Hey, garsoon, l'addish-on,-the check-the First it was Lord 'Alf'n'alf, then it's of damages,—and shake it up, or your Baron Hochheimer, and next it's Duke dollar tip'll look like a lead quarter!

I had sawed off the food list just before the woodcock, and I finds Pinckney has quit at the roast; but neither of us was kickin' on that account. It chair as excess baggage. What was I thinkin' all this time? Say, when it thinkin' all this time? Say, when it omes to plannin' out what Sadie'll do, It puts our schedule on the fritz; so when we fin'lly does show up at Mrs. "If she's made up her mind to put her stencil on somethin' of that kind," and that's bein' passed around in the says I, "why, it's hers, that's all. And front rooms, where the men can hit up

Now, all the way up I'd been gettin' chesty over the way things has turned kind of lost track of her, and it begun out, and when Pinckney leaves me while he goes to make his report, I braces myself to stand the shock of havin' someone fall on my neck right there in public. It looked like something of the kind was due, didn't it? was in demand, wa'n't I? Hadn't Sadie raised a row because she thought I'd been handed a blue ticket? Well, well! I backs up into a corner, under a date palm growin' out of a thousand-dollar Jap vase, and tries to look unsus pectin'.

And sure enough, inside of a couple black eyes of his opens wide, like he'd of minutes, here comes Sadie herself. g up something new.
"Ah, lose it!" says I. "You and your held up and her lips pouted out like she he's'! Huh!" was goin' to say, "Naughty, naughty!" But say, just between us, that was Gee! but she was lookin' like a winonly a steer. I'll own up I was some ner, too! She's wearin' one of them be posted on when the boat's sighted off Sandy Hook, when she's due at the pier, and about the time Sadie would latest architecturin' done to that copper hair; and you could see by her arms she'd taken on ten or twelve "Chee!" says Swifty Joe, after I'd pounds,—just enough to balance right 'phoned for the fourth time, "you must while she's been gone,—but she's the

> "Now! aren't you ashamed of yourself, Shorty McCabe?" says she, reachin' out both hands and gettin' a grip on mine.

"I'm worse'n that, Sadie," says L as "Well," says she, "what's the answer?

"You'll never get it from me." says I; "for now I've had a look at you. it don't seem any more sensible than Sir Bertle was. Not that he's ever done bad dream. Gee! but you're all right,

"Blarney!" says she, tearin' off one of them laughs of hers and givin' me the finger squeeze, until it seems all the chandeliers has been turned on at

Well, we was right in the midst of a two-sided game of jolly, when out from the other side of the palm steps a big, good-figured, rich-tinted girl, with a red rose in her black hair. She's all got up in white silk, quiet and modest appearin', one of the kind that looks good enough to eat. She wa'n't lookin' or a talk, and get him to give his views she wa'n't bitin' her upper lip because happy, though. It was easy to guess she thought it tasted good, and she has her chin down like she was bein' sent home from school.

"Why, Peggy Hubbard!" says Sadie, grabbin' her. "Where have you been hiding ever since dinner?" "Right there," says Peggy, pointin

to a seat behind the vase, "just where "What?" says Sadie. "You don't mean that he-"Perhaps he forgot," s

"He went off with a Mrs. Britte. Baistraightenin' out of her mouth, and red she looks at me. spots flushin' up under her eyes. Then she takes a quick look around the

"But I-I want to go home," says

"Silly!" says Sadie. "I sha'n't let you, | wishes she had stayed right in her ho- her feel comfortable; for it was as great headwa, that's all! Shorty, you see that she tel with mommer, instead of coming out clear as day she was some outsider third crack she gives me the threedoesn't. I'll be back soon." Then among a lot of stiff strangers. "Live in Chicago, eh?" says I. "Chicago!" says she. "Certainly against the cold, glassy gaze. You looked about as joyous and cheery as a Well, I looks at Miss Hubbard, and not!" "Whew!" says I, "I might have if she hadn't been a friend of Sadie's, Once Pinckney floats by with some lady Miss Peggy don't act like she was real tuned up for conversation just known it was Denver." room. "Peggy, I want you to know then; but she manages to say that she But this only brings her chin up a no denyin' that in the brunette class if everything is all right.

Mr. McCabe. Wait here until I—" and Sadie got chummy comin' over on little more, so I declares the class in she was a star, and a nice, well be"Oh, lovely!" says I. "I and Sadie got chummy comin' over on little more, so I declares the class in she was a star, and a nice, well bethe steamer, that she don't know hard- geography adjourned. What I wanted haved girl at that. ly anyone in New York, and that she to do was to soothe her down and make | Somehow, though, I didn't make any tied." bachelor is the most magnificent being Sighs, their hair clipped short, their blaze; common people mustn't even yet produced by the evolutionary proc-ess. Far from being the inferior of horror and plain gold rings in their vest. The following the married man, he is, we believe, in- Dockets. finitely the latter's superior, not only A soldier who dies ingloriously upon "Better go home and make a non account of his greater measure of the battle field is not entirely useless jump into a pool after the fish." liberty, his more philosophic mind and to the world, it may be admitted with On the coast of England the other his escape from petty distractions, but all truth; but of infinite greater value keenness of these four:

day a small pleasure steamer bearing also because of his obviously greater is the soldier who bestrews the field too. And it's too bad, ain't it, that me twenty-six passengers, all men, ran efficiency. He is, in a word, the comhavin' a date with my Sunday school upon a sunken wreck and began to plete master of his environment— men, and then goes home himself un-

Shrewd and pithy sayings are charidiosyncrasies, or a supine inclination to submit to his mother-in-law's ukases acteristic of the Chinese, who delight probably few of us who have not found submit to his mother-in-law's ukases in this form of didactics, says a probably lew of another or another According to the current view the Shanghai correspondent of the Evening "Burning the insense" while another married man is, ipso facto, a hero. This Post. I have collected from various reaped the profit. said the captain. "We bachelors will view infects even bachelors themselves, sources a number of well-known Chi-

> The gist of the proverb, "A new Chinese saving:

The following hit off the distinguishing characteristics of certain classes of

Some of us also know "The man who

"It is easier to visit friends than to

"He who pursues two rabbits will suc-The subject of legal administration said the teacher.

The meek little lads walked to the teachers like let us keep out of the teacher's feet. ceed in catching neither. has elicited the following:

The following is a bit of good advice

Business men will appreciate the

"Don't smash your goods to kill a

"Without lucky help one never grows

"When the market is brisk the seller

"You burn the insence and I get the

The last quoted proverb is, I think, a

The following contains tip-top advice

does not stop to wash the mud from known of Chinese proverbs:

"Better go home and make a net than

for the over-sanguine:

his turnips."

profit.

courts, when dead out of hell. "The magistrate is not so dreadful as his man." The sword of justice is swift, but will

not wound the innocent." The tragedy in the life of many a red-nosed church-goer is indicated by "A red-nosed man may not be

Even Chinese wives are sometimes a trifle contrary. The Chinese say: "To oblige your brother is to disap-

point your sister-in-law." The desirability of disarming suspicion is inculcated in the injunction: "If you don't belong to the family,

Advice to mothers:

"If you wish your children to have a quiet life, let them always be a little tion."

"But the Frenchman took the document with grave politeness, glancing keenly at the cockney as if to verify the description."

would have been some better if I could have talked matters over with Miss Hubbard and found out what we was on the siding for; but all she does is get glummer by the minute. Course, I knew Sadie wa'n't one to put up a job on us like that, and that she must have something or other on hand that has to be attended to. Just where this Mrs. Bailey comes in I can't figure out. You know the kind of a top notcher Mrs. Britton Bailey is? She's it, or nothing, and when she can't have her swing there's apt to be all

I takes it as kind of a joke for the

first five or ten minutes; but after we've stood there like dummies for

half an hour, with the whole push

gassin' and laughin' and carryin' on

sociable all around us, now and then

throwin' us a look as if we was curios

was gettin' to feel like a plain clothes man guardin' the weddin' presents. It

in a case, it wa'n't quite so funny.

sorts of a rumpus. Maybe you've heard of her run-in with Mrs. Astor over that prince? Well, just as I was lookin' around and wonderin' what was keepin' Sadie, who should show up but the two of 'em, one on either side of a longgeared, lantern-jawed freak that looked about as much awake as if he'd been walkin' in his sleep. He has on a pair of shell-rimmed eve-glasses-rims about half an inch thick, and big, round panes -that gives him the look of a sick But this Mrs. Britton Bailey was wide

enough awake. She was pumpin' hot air at the freak like she was a blast furnace, while Sadie don't seem to be doin' much but drag down his elbow. I notice the other folks starin' at 'em, and all of a sudden I guesses who

"Say," says I, nudgin' Peggy, "is the lengthy party this Sir Bertie I've heard so much about?"

She says he is, and as the three of 'em was circlin' our way I stands ready to be relieved of guard duty. hanged if they don't sail past within three feet of us, without so much as a

"Well, wouldn't that molt the bird on Nellie's hat!" says I. "Are we permanent decorations here, or what?"

If Peggy had any views on the subject they must have been too strong for publication. All she does is get a new hold on her lip and watch 'em float along. I was gettin' a little sore myself, for it seems my first frame-up of the situation was nearer the mark than the last. It looked like Sir Bertie was right bower and joker, and I was a trey in the discard.

And then Sadie does a quick turn with her head, throwin' us the knowin' wink. A minute more and the procession has swung back our way, and the next thing we know they're lined up before us. Sadie seems to have discovered Peggy all at once.

'Why, there you are, aren't you?" says she. "Sir Bertie's been looking everywhere. Oh-Mrs. Britton Bailey Miss Hubbard. Now, Sir Bertie, I suppose we mustn't plan a thing for you until you and Peggy have settled about that house party. Well, get together Say, I'd known Sadie long enough to

have an inside view of her little plan of campaign without havin' anyone explain the map. First she does some fine feint and footwork, until she gets the Bailey person with her guard wide open, and then she lands with both mitts. And it was plain this Miss Peggy proposition was a new one to Mrs. Britton Bailey. She's some jarred, but bein' an old hand at the game, she recovers quick.

"I'm sure Miss Hubbard is not going to claim Sir Bertie for next week?" says, she.

Has Peggy been gettin' her mad up for an hour for nothing? Well, hardly. "Only from Saturday on," says she, 'You'll promise to be there by Saturday, won't you, Sir Bertie?" "Oh, charmed!" says he, blinkin'

through the round panes. "'Pon honor, I'll run out for Saturday, Miss Peggy.' I thinks it's somewhere in the Oranges, or maybe out to White Plains, that he's scheduled for. Mrs. Bailey must have had the same thought. "And where is it that Miss Hubbard

that Sadie had rung in on this swell quarters view of her right shoulder and lives. Sir Bertie?" she cooes. dinner party, and that she'd been up goes on bitin' her lip. We must have "Why-aw-er-" Say, Bertie was up against it. He looks as blank as if know how them folks can do it. Even pair of plaster images on the mantel. she'd asked him what time the sun was due to rise in the mornin'. But Peggy I'd been sorry for her; for there was friend on his arm, and wants to know is there with the information. "Oh, lovely!" says I. "I couldn't be

"My home is in Spokane, Washington," says she, lookin' her square beenjoyin' myself more if I was tongue tween the eyes.

"What! Spokane? Well, of all the impudence!"

Say, I never see anyone get up a turkey red color quite so quick as Mrs. "Men rear sons to provide for old Britton Bailey does then. For a secage; they plant trees because they want ond or so she looks all kinds of cutlery at the state of Washington girl. "If the father is not compassionate, and then she turns one of the same kind on Sadie. "Humph!" "He who has no father or mother can "Spokane! Sir Bertie, I wish you joy of your trip to the backwoods. You had better have your trunks packed liar extent in China, the poor and ob- tonight." With that she does the heel pivot, tosses her head, and marches off. ness the following, one of the best-"My word!" says Sir Bertie, catchin'

"The large fish eat the small fish, the "The large fish eat the small fish, the small fish eat the shrimps, and the he finds he's billed for a five days' railroad trip he never so much as squeals. guess he was some interested, all right: for when we leaves, him and Peggy was makin' up for lost time; and by the way he was beamin' on her you'd thought he suspected she was good to look at.

his breath.

As for me and Sadie, we hunts out a quiet corner and has a reunion all on our own hook. She tells me how the Hubbards own half the state out there, the and what a real nice girl Peggy is, and how Sir Bertie come all the way across just to walk the deck with her. ly at their feet.
"Tommy, why are you late this morning?" asked the teacher.

just to walk the deck with her. Also she shows how the Bailey party, who's always lookin' for a new exhibit, come always lookin' for a new exhibit, come

ing?" asked the teacher.
"I overslept myself. ma'am," began
Tommy. "You see, teacher, I dreamed I
was going to take a railroad trip. I
just got to the station when I woke up
an' found it was 'way past school time."
"Freddy, why are you late?" inquired
the teacher, turning to the other boy.
"Please, ma'am," replied the trembling
Freddy. "I went to the station to see
Tommy off."

always lookin' for a new exhibit, come
near spoilin' it all.

"But I do hope," says Sadie, "that
she will let them alone now."
"You sure fixed that," says I. "You've
got her climbin' the pole."
She grins and lets it go at that,
wantin' to know all about everybody
and what's happened to 'em since she's
been gone. But still I has something been gone. But still I has something on my mind that won't let me rest easy until I've worked it off. And the first thing I know I've let it out.

"Say, Sadie," says I, "do you know what was my first guess about this Sir "I do," says she, givin' me one of them straight, level looks that I never

knows what to make of, "and it was the silliest thing I ever knew you to Now was that a josh? If it wa'n't,

THE VALUE OF A MAN.

It Is Determined, Not by His Domestic Condition, but by Efficiency.

their chances.

young Englishman, spoke up: "How many married men are here?"

Thirteen men stepped forward. "Let these men get into the boat,"

Just by way of keepin' my courage willing to give every advantage to their moon is made of celluloid. up, though, I plans out a little solitaire married brethren, who had wives and As a matter of fact, a man's value people whom each of us has met:

There's times when I almost believe that we have been maintaining, in the thinking of the world and serving as a live with them.

lass may make me hand in the re- sink. There was but one small life- which means the sum of the natural barmed. boat, and this would hold but half of and artificial forces working toward his So sorry," says she. "Sir Beitie the passengers. Thirteen might be discomfiture, enslavement and dissolu- PITHY SAYINGS Entwistle is to be with us, you know. saved, but the other thirteen would tion—whereas the married man is al-But you'll come if you can?" have to plunge into the sea and take ways handicapped by some inimical and have to plunge into the sea and take ways handicapped by some inimical and sinister influence, whether it be a senti-In this emergency the captain, a mental tendency to yield to his wife's

The married men eagerly assented to captain in the story. It is revealed which is not to be denied. there wa'n't any use in me hangin' this proposal, and in two minutes they again every time a fresh panic arrives, over the fence. It was me for the back- were in the boat and rowing for the for the bachelors are always discharged fround lookin' as pleasant as I knew beach. Just then the steamer went before the married men. The theory You couldn't blame Sadie, could down and the thirteen bachelors jumped seems to be that the latter are of more you? I didn't. Never could find much into the angry waves. They were will- value to the world-a notion as inde- on boots for the first time." ing to take their chances. They were fensible as the kindred idea that the

to the world is determined, not by his And did the heroic bachelors drown? domestic condition, but by his ef- down with the play;" those who want Not at all. They breasted the gigantic ficiency. A man who can earn \$10,000 to "Plant a tree in the morning and swellest joint on Broadway. That's billows like mermen and reached the a year is worth two men who can earn saw planks from it at night;" and the the following: where I was, under the pink candle strand safe and sound. And then, but \$5,000. A man who can jump dreamer who spends his days "Sitting shade, guessin' at which fork come pausing a moment to draw breath, thirty feet is worth fifteen men who in a well staring at the sky." next, and havin' an expensive and lone- they plunged in again—to rescue the can jump but two feet. A man who Some time of it, when I looks up and married men. The latter, crazy with can eat a ham and two cabbages at a falls to beating the priest the moment sees Pinckney makin' for me in tow fear, had managed to swamp their boat sitting is worth forty dyspeptics who he has finished his prayers." The Chithe head waiter. I could account within fifty yards of the beach and munch toast and zweiback. And final- naman is not a bigot, as witness the how he happened to locate me, as were now struggling in the surf and ly, a man who, in the face of constant proverb: "The right path is in each left word at home; but why he howling for help. The bachelors, shout- endeavors by fascinating widows, an- man's mind." Nor is he very easily bewa'n't at the Purdy Pells with the ing reassuring words to them, got them thropophagus maiden ladies and match- fooled by a plausible front: "Polite atst of the bunch was a puzzler. He ashore, emptied them of sea water, making mammas, to lure him into mat- tentions generally mean 'I want some t give me a chance to ask, either, rubbed their ears, calmed their fears rimony, yet manages to elude the hy-thing." meneal hook, and to live out his days Here is a little gentle cynicism: This true story proves anew a thesis in a capella blessedness, doing the

OF THE CHINESE

as is well shown by the proposal of the nese proverbs, the keenness and wit of for the young man:

broom sweeps clean," is found in the "He lifts his feet high who has put

"Free sitters at a theatre who cry

face of frenzied opposition and calum"Why aren't you at Mrs. Purdy Pell's man is worth 100 who permit themselves to be many."

The relation of parent and child in hungry and cold."

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The relation of parent and child in hungry

drunkard, but he will always be called Freddy.

A JOKE THAT FAILED.

high degree of control exercised by the

As all over the world, and to a pecu-

scure person hasn't much show. Wit-

A disturbing factor is thus described:

"ALL ABOARD!"

(Philadelphia Ledger.)
Two little youngsters shambled penitently into the class room long after the school had opened for the morning ses-

There is no ease for the mouth

the son is sure not to be filial."

boast of his filial behavior."

shrimps feed on the mud.

where one tooth is aching."

father. Hence:

(Exchange.)
The smart cockney tourist thought he would have a joke with the gendarme, and handed him the restaurant menu instead of his passport, while his friends stood by to laugh at the puzzled "Frog-" "I do."